

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning) all our State,
No Prince, nor Peere
Heauen shorten Harry

Sc

Enter Falstaff

Shal. Nay, you sh
Arbor we will eate a
fing, with a dish of C
fin Silence, and then r

Fal. You haue hee

Shal. Barren, barren
Sir Iohn: Marry, good
Well said Danie.

Falst. This Danie

Seruingman, and you
Shal. A good Var
let, Sir Iohn: I haue di
good Varlet. Now fi
Cofin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth
and make good cheere
yeere: when flesh is c
Lads come heere, and
so merrily.

Fal. There's a merr

you a health for that ar
Shal. Good M. Ba
Da. Sweet sir, sit:

sir, sit. Master Page, g
you want in meate, we
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M.
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be m
For women are Shrew

'Tis merry in Hall, wh
And welcome merry S

Fal. I did not thin
Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue
now.

Dany. There is a di
Shal. Danie.

Dan. Your Worshipp: Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, M. Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. Silence.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, be shrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tyme theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cawileres about London.

Dan. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Scena Quinta.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horse,

Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt
in the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee

vice.

ere they come
Exit Groo.

and Page.

Shallow, I will
vpon him, as

nance that hee

ne. O if I had
ould haue be-

f you. But it is
is doth inferre

tion.

and sweating
else, putting
ing els to bee

sil est. 'Tis all

ble Liuer, and
noble thoughts

on a Hall'd thi-

Rowze vppe

to's Snake, for

mpet Clangour

enric the

Royall Hall.

Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Sauc thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine

man.

Ch. Iust. Haue you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my loue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue

GretagMacbeth™ ColorChecker Color Rendition Chart

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.

Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.

When Pistol lyes, do this, and figge-me; like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

comes safe.

Come you Rogue, come:

ing me to a Iustice.

Hast. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

Del. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hast. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Del. Come you thinn Thing:

Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.